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ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN SONG

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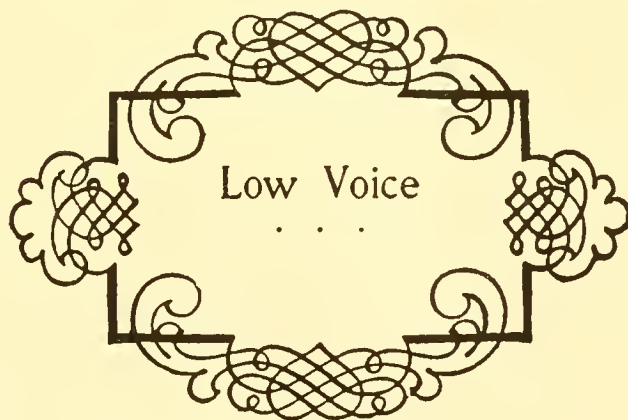
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ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN SONG

PROPERTY OF CITY OF NEW YORK 1588

A Collection of Twenty-five Songs
BY
REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN
COMPOSERS



PROPERTY OF CITY OF NEW YORK

G. SCHIRMER, INC., NEW YORK

Table of Contents

	PAGE
BARTLETT, HOMER N.	
Highland Mary. Scotch Song	22
CADMAN, CHARLES WAKEFIELD	
A Moonlight Song	26
CHADWICK, G. W.	
In My Belovèd's Eyes	14
COOMBS, C. WHITNEY	
Her Rose. A Love-Song	28
DE KOVEN, REGINALD	
Norman Cradle-Song	42
HADLEY, HENRY	
Rose-Time	30
HARRIS, VICTOR	
April ~	34
HAWLEY, C. B.	
The Nightingale and the Rose	36
HOMER, SYDNEY	
Requiem	40
JOHNS, CLAYTON	
I Love, and the World is Mine ~	47
LA FORGE, FRANK	
Like the Rosebud	50
MACDOWELL, EDWARD	
The Clover	52
MACK, ALBERT A.	
For Ever and a Day	54
NEIDLINGER, W. H.	
Serenade. ("The wind is whisp'ring")	58

Contents

NEVIN, ARTHUR	
Auf Wiederseh'n	63
PARKER, HORATIO	
Milkmaid's Song	60
ROGERS, JAMES H.	
At Parting	3
ROGERS, WINTHROP L.	
Let Miss Lindy Pass	66
SALTER, MARY TURNER	
The Pine-Tree	70
SHELLEY, HARRY ROWE	
Love's Sorrow. Ballad	10
SMITH, WILSON G.	
Entreaty. A Love-Song	6
THAYER, WILLIAM ARMOUR	
My Laddie. A Scotch Love-Song	76
WARE, HARRIET	
Joy of the Morning	15
WHITING, ARTHUR	
"Yet ah, that spring should vanish"	72
WOODMAN, R. HUNTINGTON	
Ashes of Roses	74


At Parting

Frederic Peterson

James H. Rogers

Non troppo vivo, con anima

Voice



The sweet - est flow'r that blows _____

Piano

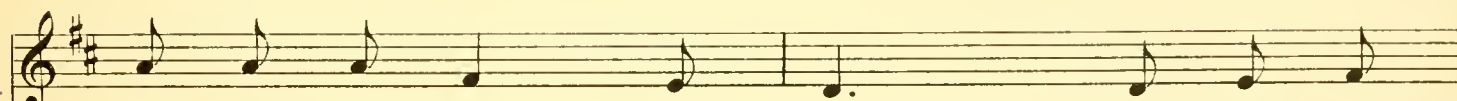
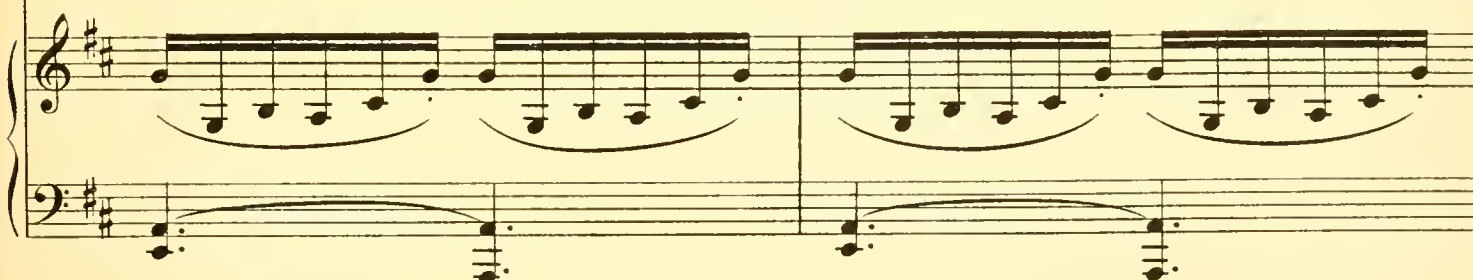


dolce egualmente

con Pedale



I give you as we part. _____



For you, it is a rose! For me, it



Copyright, 1886, by James H. Rogers
Assigned, 1906, to G. Schirmer, Inc.
Printed in the U. S. A.

poco agitato

is my heart! The fra - grance it — ex -

cresc. assai

poco dim. e rall.

hales, — Ah! if you on - ly knew! —

f *colla parte*

dolce *espress.*

Which but in dy - ing fails, — It is my love for

colla parte

p

you! The sweet - est flow'r that

a tempo *rall.* *p*

grows I give you as we part.

cresc. You think it but a rose! *poco rit.* Ah me! it is my

cresc. *poco rit.*

Pia.

più tranquillo *espressivo*

heart! You think it but a rose! Ah me! it

più tranquillo *molto p*

cantando *perdendosi*

is my heart!

sempre rall. *dolciss.*

To Miss Geneva E. Johnston, Chicago, Ills.

Entreaty

(A Love-Song)

Words by IRA ALLEN, JR.

Music by WILSON G. SMITH

Andante con molta espressione

Voice

PIANO

Last

Ped.

* Ped.

*

night

I dreamed your gold - en hair

Lay soft

a - gainst my

Ped.

* Ped.

*

Ped.

*

face.

And that

your fing - ers

in my hands

Had

Ped.

* Ped.

*

Ped.

*

found a rest - ing - place. I dreamed your girl - ish

Ped. simili

lips met mine, And that your dew - y breath Did

whis - - per thoughts a - gainst my cheek, As would give life to

poco rit.

death, Did whis - - per thoughts a - gainst my cheek, As

rall.
would, as would give life to death.

rall. *ten.* *pp*

a tempo
O lit - - tle maid - en, whose soft lips Are

ten.

sweet - - er than May - dew, Just lean a mo - ment

on my breast, And make my dream come true! In

dreams last night your gold - en hair Lay soft a - gainst my

face, And clasped in mine your dain - ty hands Had

found a rest - ing - place. Oh, lean one mo - ment

colla voce

on my breast, And make, and make my dream come true.

colla parte

ppp

"Love's sorrow"

„LIEBESLEID“

German version by
HEINRICH KOEKE

Ballad

HARRY ROWE SHELLEY

(Alto or Barit)

Andantino con moto

PIANO

*mf**p*

The sun's last ray is gone, — And dus-ky twi-light steals up -
Der Son - ne letz-ter Strahl — Durch Laub und Zwei-ge zit - tert

p colla voce.

on me; The vil - lage lights are lit, And all is still-ness
wie - der; Auf Flu - ren, Berg und Thal, Die Dämm - 'rung sinkt her -

round me. The stars are wak-ing one by one To grace the beauteous
nie - der; Und hoch im blau-en Ae - ther-meer, Die Ster - ne glän - zen

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Printed in the U. S. A.

pp

scene.
hehr.

O come to me, my love, — O come to me, my
O komm Ge-lieb-te komm — zu mir, mein gan-zes

ten. *pp*

love, — My heart throbs for thee, for thee, and thee a-lone; O
Seh-nen Nur dir gilt al-lein, Ach komm, ich har-re dein; O

speed the lingering hours — And has-ten, sweet, thy com-ing; My
Hol-de zög-'re nicht, — mich end-lich zu be-glü-cken, Mein

f *rit.*

soul in an-guish yearns for thee, O come to me, my love.
Herz in ban-ger Seh-nucht schlägt, Ge-lieb-te komm zu mir.

a tempo. *mf*

p

Last
Letzt'

night I dream'd of thee, — A dream so sweet and yet so fleeting, A -
Nacht träum'ich von dir, „Doch ach, der Traum war schnell ent-schwunden,“ Du

gain thou wert with me. With rap - ture I em - braced thee, O
sah'st in's Ant - litz mir, ich hielt dich fest um - schlun - gen; Dann

molto rit. *a tempo.*

why did I from that dream awake, To hear a - gain that last "good bye."
sah ich dich wei - nend von mir geh'n, Dein Mund sprach leis: „Auf Wie - der - sehn.“

molto rit. *pp a tempo.*

pp

O come to me, my love, — O come to me, my love, — My
 O komm Ge-lieb-te komm — zu mir, meingan-zes Seh-nen Nur

p *ten.**pp*

heart throbs for thee, for thee, and thee a-lone; O speed the lingering
 dir gilt al-lein Ach komm ich har-re dein; O Hol-de zög-re

hours — And has-ten, sweet, thy com-ing; My soul in an-guish
 nicht — mich end-lich zu be-glü-cken; Mein Herz in ban-ger

rit.

yearns for thee, O come to me, O come, my love. —
 Sehnsucht schlägt, Ge-lieb-te komm, o komm zu mir.

*f a tempo.**p**rit.**con s.*

Words by
W. M. Chauvenet

In My Belovèd's Eyes

G. W. CHADWICK

Adagio espressivo

Voice

Piano

p I looked in-to the mid-night deep, And saw the stead-fast

stars, True sen-tinels that nev-er sleep, Be-yond earth's prison-

bars. *p* I looked in my Be-lov-ed's eyes, And saw her radiant

soul, *f* Still stead-fast in the heav'n-ly skies *pp* Of love's re-motest goal.

Joy of the Morning

Words by
Edwin Markham

Music by
Harriet Ware

Allegro

Voice

Piano

obbligato

hear you, lit - tle — bird, Shout - ing a -

swing — a - bove the bro - ken wall. Shout loud - er

marcato

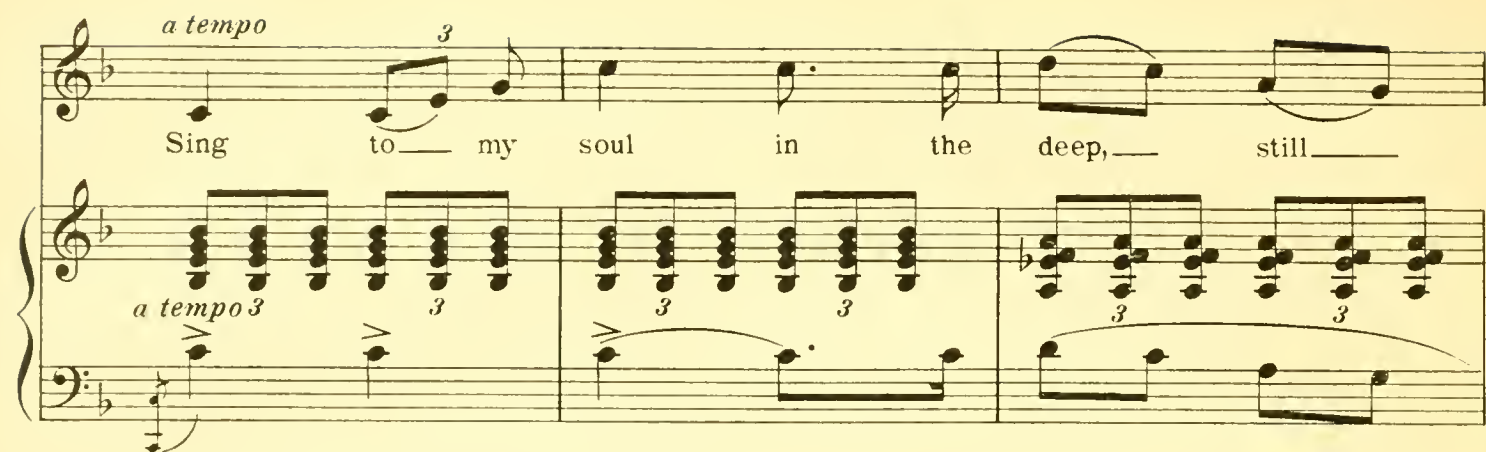
poco rit.

yet: — no song can tell it all.

colla voce

a tempo

Sing to my soul in the deep, still



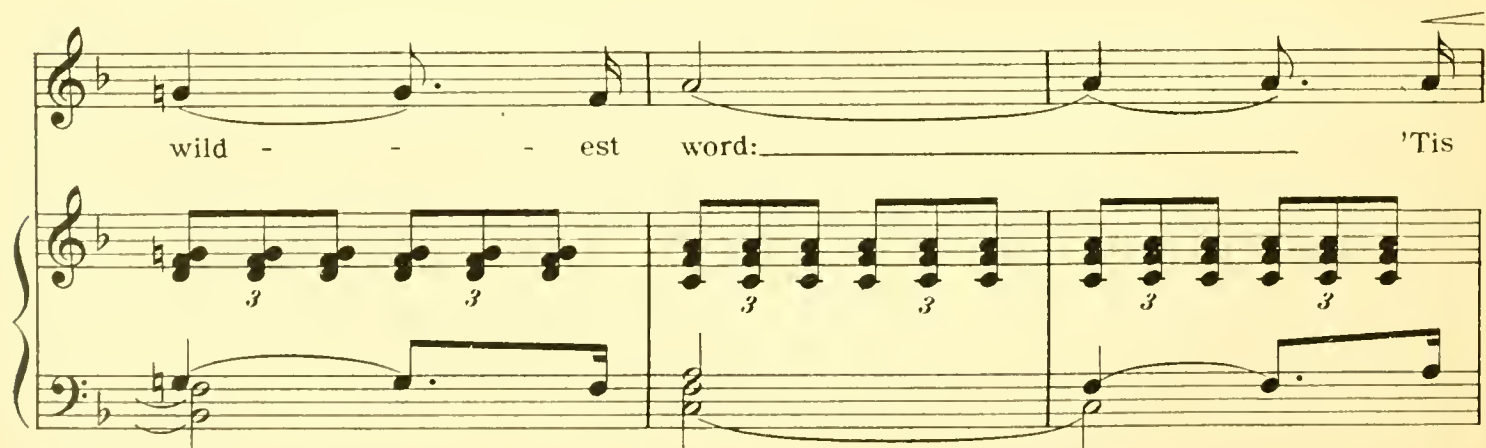
wood: 'Tis won - - der - ful, 'tis



won - - der - ful be - yond the



wild - - - est word: 'Tis



won - - der - ful, _____ 'tis won - - der -

rit. ful: _____ *a tempo* I'd tell it, too, if I

could, if I could. _____

p

Oft when the white, still dawn_____

pp 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

cresc.

Lift - ed the skies, and pushed the hills_____ a -

cresc. 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

f

part,_____ I've felt_____ it like a glo - ry

f 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

pp

in_____ my heart,_____ (The world's - mys - te - ri - ous

pp 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

stir), _____ But had _____ no throat like

yours, my bird, . Nor such a lis - ten - er, _____ nor

such a lis - ten - er. _____ I hear you, lit - tle _____ bird,

Shout - ing a - swing _____ a - bove the bro - ken wall.

poco rit.

Shout loud - er yet: _____ no song can tell it all.

marcato *colla voce*

a tempo

Sing to _____ my soul in the deep, _____ still _____

a tempo 3

wood: _____ 'Tis won - - der - ful, _____ 'tis

3 3 3 3

won - - der - ful _____ be - yond _____ the

3 3 3 3

wild - - est word: _____ 'Tis won - - der -

ful, _____ 'tis won - - der - ful: _____

rit.

a tempo

I'd tell it, too, if I could, if I

a tempo

l. h.

could. _____

8-.....

Highland Mary

Scotch Song

Words by
Robert Burns

Homer N. Bartlett
Op. 224

Allegretto con moto

Voice

Piano

mf *cresc.* *f* *p* *mf*

mf

f *più lento* *rall.*

f *più lento* *ten.* *rall.*

Ye

banks_and braes and streams a-round The cas - tle o' Mont - gom - 'ry, — Green

be — your woods, and fair your flow'rs, Your wa - ters nev - er drum - lie! — There

a tempo

Sim - mer first un - fauld - her robes, And there the lang - est tar - ry! For

*a tempo**Red.*

*

Red.

*

*marc.**tempo**più lento*

there I took the last fare-weel O' my sweet High-land Ma - ry. —

*tempo with feeling**più lento**mf a**mf a*

How

*tempo**cresc.**f**lento**mp**mf a**Red.*

*

tempo

sweet - ly bloom'd the gay green birk, How rich — the hawthorn blos - som, — As

tempo

f *più lento* *rall.*

un - der-neath their fra-grant shade I clasp'd her to my bo - som! — The

f *più lento* *rall.*

a tempo

gold-en hours on an - gel wings Flew o'er me and my dear - ie: For

a tempo *f* *mf*

marc.

più lento *pp*

dear to me as light and life Was my sweet High-land Ma - ry. — O,

with feeling *più lento* *pp*

più lento *tenderly*

pale, pale now, those ros - y lips I aft - hae kissed sae fond - ly; — And

più lento *tenderly*

più lento

closed for aye the spark - ling glance That dwalt - on me sae kind - ly; — And

più lento

moul - der - ing now in si - lent dust That heart that lo'ed me

a tempo

espress. dear - ly! But *f* *fervently* still — with - in my bo - som's core Shall

maestoso

live — my High - land Ma - ry. —

slowly *dim.* *pp* *adagio* *ppp*

A Moonlight Song

Words* by
John Proctor Mills

Ch. W. Cadman. Op. 42, No. 2

Andante sostenuto
pp

Voice

The moon-light shim-mers thro' the vine ——— That

mezza voce

Piano

pp molto legato

to — my — porch is — cling - - ing; The flow - ers

quieto

light - ly nod their heads, ——— My love - filled heart is

sing - ing.

mp

*By permission of the author

The pet - als of the rose float by — Like

love, her kiss - es bring - - ing; And all the

night is glad to me, I hear thy dear voice

ring - - ing!

Her Rose

A Love-Song

Words by
Jeanie Gallup Mottet

C. Whitney Coombs

Andante con estro poetico (♩ = 66)

Voice

Piano

p con sordini

rit.

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

Rose - bud, you touched her, You breathed — with her breath And her sighs; Fair

al tempo

Red. Red. Red. Red.

rose, you kissed her, You bloomed — in the light Of her

rall.

Red. Red. Red.

*più rit.**poco*

eyes.

Sweet

*più rit.**a tempo**rit.**poco*

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

*più mosso**rit.*

rose, _____ you loved

her, You seemed _____ of her-self Just a part;

Dear

più mosso

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

*rit.**rit. molto*

rose, _____ you're mine

now, You've brought me the warmth Of her heart.

*rit.**rit. molto*

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

*

Rose-Time

C. Eldred

Henry Hadley. Op. 48, No 2

Joyous, buoyant with motion

Voice

Piano

f *mf*

con Pedale

It's rose - time,

rose - time, and the garden is a - glow With the crim-son of the ros - es on the

trees, — *f* It's rose - time, rose - time! At the dawn the ros-es

blow *decrease* *p* While the leaves are trembling in the gentle breeze. *decrease* *p*

p

Ros-es in the gar - den That shame my sweetheart's lips, — Red ros-es, blooming here and

p

there, — Red ros-es, bloom-ing ev-'ry - where, — Un -

cresc. *f*

cresc.

til — the au-tumn strips Those ros-es from the gar-den That shame — my —

ff *f* *ff*

rit. *a tempo* *p*

sweet - heart's lips. — It's

rit. *f a tempo* *decrease* *rit.*

Tempo I

rose - time, rose - time, and red, and pink, and white Ope the

p

f ros-es at the break-ing of the day. *ff* It's rose - - time,

mf decrease
rose - - time, and in the wan-ing light Bloom the ros-es as the

mf

p
eve-ning fades a - way. Then rev-el in the flow - ers While

p

still the month is June, ——— The ros - es ga - ther here and

there, ——— The ros-es ga-ther ev - 'ry - where; They'll

van - ish all too soon, Those ros-es in the gar - den, Most love - - ly —

while ——— 'tis June! ———

April

Poem by
William Watson

Music by
Victor Harris

Fast and gaily

Voice *mf*
A - pril, A - pril, Laugh thy girl - ish laugh - ter,

Piano *mf*
senza Ped.

f
Then, the mo - ment af - ter, Weep thy girl - ish tears.

p e rall. sadly *a tempo*

p e rall. *a tempo sf*

f
A - pril, A - pril, that mine ears Like a lov - er greet - est,

p *poco rall.*

If I tell thee, sweet - est, All my hopes and fears,

p *poco rall.*

mf a tempo *f*

A - pril, A - pril, Laugh thy gold - en - laugh - ter,

mf a tempo

molto rall. - sadly *f a tempo*

But, the mo - ment af - ter, Weep thy gold - en tears. A - pril,

molto rall. - *f a tempo*

ff

A - pril, Laugh thy gold - en - laugh - ter.

ff

The Nightingale and the Rose

(Alto, or Baritone)

R. H. BECK

C. B. HAWLEY

Allegretto

Voice

Piano

p

p

A

Night-in-gale bent to a crim-son rose, And whis-per-ing low in her ear, — Made her

mf

blush as red as the light that glows In the east, when the day is

cresc.

near. — Then back up - on — a

bough he sprang, And sweet, and clear was the song he sang; And

accel. e cresc. high-er and high-er the love-notes rang, Till all the world could hear; — Then *p*

accel. e cresc. *ff* *p*

rall. trill'd as low as the winds that blow In the mid - day of the year. — *a tempo.*

rall. *a tempo.*

mf

For he sang of love that can-not die, This min-strel of the air, Love

p

tuned the notes of his mel - o - dy, And furnished a son - net rare.

cresc.

Dec.

For love will live when the world is dead, And

accel. e cresc.

low - ly lies each maid-en's head; But nev - er a word of this he said As he

accel. e cresc.

p *rall.*

sang with - out a care. — But he sang of the now from the

p *rall.*

p

swing - ing bough, Of the now, And his la - dy fair. —

p *p*

To Mr. Heinrich Meyn

Requiem

("Underwoods")

Robert Louis Stevenson

SIDNEY HOMER

Op. 15, No. 2

Original key

Adagio

Voice

Un - der the wide and star - ry sky

p

Dig the grave and _

Piano

*f**mf cresc.*

let me lie.

Glad did I live and _

mf cresc.

f glad - ly die, *p* And I *rit.* laid me down with a will.

*p rit.**rit.*

f a tempo This be the verse you grave for me: *p* Here he lies where he

f a tempo *p*

mf cresc. longed to be; Home is the sail - or, — *f* home from sea, And the *p*

mf cresc. *f*

molto rit. hunt - er home from the hill.

p molto rit.

Norman Cradle Song.

Words by
VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

(Mezzo-Soprano.)

REGINALD de KOVEN.
Op. 53, No 4.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

mf dolce.

rall. e dim.

And.

*

And.

*

mf

1. When the moon is a - float,

pp

sostenuto.

And.

*

and the o - cean at rest, The sea - elf goes forth to the town he loves best:

poco rall.

rall.

Up from his cave, o - ver the wave, With joy in his breast. Sing-ing:

poco rall.

rall.

p placido.

Sleep, sleep, lit-tle ba - by, And dream, and dream on the sea; That

*p dolciss.
marcato la melodia.**cresc.*

lulls a - round thy cra - dle, And mur-murs, and mur-murs to thee: So

*cresc.**f**Ad.**dim. e rall.**pp*

sleep, lit-tle Ba - by, sleep, So sleep, my lit-tle Ba-by, sleep!"

*dim. e rall.**Ad.**Ad.**mf*

2. When the stars are a - shine; and the waves are at play, And

sostenuto.

rush to the shore from the wind-stricken bay, The sea-elf is there, the

brine in his hair, As mer-ry as they. Sing-ing: "Sleep, sleep, lit-tle

poco rall. *rall.* *p placido.*

poco rall. *rall.* *p dolciss. marcato la melodia.*

ba-by, The moon is laugh-ing with glee, And shin-ing on thy

cresc.

cra-dle, Is shin-ing and laughing for thee: So sleep, lit-tle Ba-by,—

f *p* *cresc.*

f *p*

Ad. *

*dim. e rall.**pp*

sleep; so sleep, my—lit-tle Ba-by, sleep! 3. The

*dim. e rall.*C_♭C_♭

*

Poco più animato.

sea - elf goes a - rov - ing when the moon wax - es bright, And

*f**cresc.**ff**misterioso.*

plays in— the— church-yard till fad - eth the light, And his

*cresc.**misterioso.*

mor - rice he— pac - es, And deft - ly re - trac - es, And

*dim.**dim.*

rall. p

deft - ly re - trac - es, His steps through the night; Sing - ing:

rall.

p

rall.

Tempo I. p

"Sleep, sleep, lit - tle Ba - by, and dream, and dream of the sea, That

p marcato la melodia.

f

lulls a - round thy cra - dle, And murmurs, and murmurs to thee; So

p

f

p

Red. *

dim. e rall. molto. pp

sleep, little Ba - by, sleep, so sleep, Ba - by, sleep!"

dolce.

dim. e rall. molto. pp sempre dim. ppp

Red. *Red.* *

To Miss LENA LITTLE

I Love, and the World is Mine

Words by
FLORENCE EARLE COATES

(Alto or Bass)

CLAYTON JOHNS

Con moto

Voice

Piano

f p mf

For me the jas - mine

buds unfold, And sil - ver dai - sies star the lea, The

cro - cus hoards the sun - set gold And the wild - rose breathes for

s f p riten.

me. I feel the sap through the bough re - turn - ing, I

a tempo. mp

Copyright, 1891, by G. Schirmer

Words from "Harpers Weekly" Copyright 1891 by Harper & Brothers.

share the sky - lark's trans - port fine; I know the foun - tain's

crese.

sf f

way - ward yearning, I love_ and the world is mine.

a tempo.

ritard.

sf p

I love, and thoughts that some - timegrieved, Still

p

well remem - bered, grieve not me; From all that dark - ened

sf p

crese.

and deceived, Up- -soars— my spir- -it free. For

a tempo.

cresc. *ritard.*

soft the hours re- -peat one sto - ry, Sings the sea one

pp *cresc.*

strain divine, My clouds a - rise all flushed with glo - ry, I

f *ff*

love and the world is mine.

ritard. *accel. e cresc.* *ritard.*

Like the Rosebud

Andreas Bard

Frank La Forge

Andantino

Voice

Would, love, I were the

Piano

mp

rose - - bud Which on thy bo - som

cresc.

lies; Short is its day, but

p dolce

bliss - - ful, It buds, and blooms, and

p

dies. Thus could I live, for -
 get - - - ting That we for aye must
 part, And live and love and per - - ish So
 close - ly to thy heart.

pp
a
pp
rit.
a
ten.po
tempo
p dim.
 8

The Clover

Verse by
Margaret Deland

Edward Macdowell. Op. 26, No 3

Sturdily, with feeling (♩ = 80)

Voice

O rud - dy Lov - er! O brave red clo - ver!

Piano

mf

Didst think to win her Thou dost a - dore? She will not

love thee, She looks a - bove thee, The Dai - sy's gold

slower
p

slower
p

yet slower
*pp**a tempo*

doth move her more! If gold can win her, Then Love's not in her,

*yet slower**a tempo**pp**mf**cresc.**f**ff**mf*

If gold can win her, Then Love's not in her, So leave the

*f**mf**ff rit.*

Sin - ner, And sigh no more!

*ff rit.**ff**poco rit.*

To
LIZZETTE M. MACK

"For Ever and a Day"

Poetry by Thomas Bailey Aldrich

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Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the
publishers

Albert A. Mack. Op. 12, No. 1

Like an improvisation

Voice

Piano

I lit-tle know or care If the

lightly and softly

black-bird on the bough Is fill-ing

all the air With his soft crescen-do now;

For she is gone a-way, And when she went she

took The Springtime in her look, The peach blow on her cheek, The

poco a poco cresc.

laughter from the brook, The blue from out the May, And what she calls a

slower

week, Is for ev-er, for ev-er and a day.

very slow and soft

It's lit - tle that I mind How the

lightly and softly

blos - soms pink or white At ev - 'ry

touch of wind Fall a - trembling with de - light;

For in the leaf - y lane Be - neath the gar - den

boughs, And thro' the si - lent house, One thing a-lone I seek; Un -

poco a poco cresc.

til she comes a - gain, The May is not the May, And

what she calls a week, Is for ev - er, for

slower

very slow and soft

ev - er and a day.

Serenade

W. H. NEIDLINGER

Voice

1. The wind— is whisp'ring low, my love,— The

Piano

p

moon— is ris-ing slow, my love,— and I, love,— thy true love,— am

keep - ing watch o'er thee, — so sleep, love, for I — am

keep - ing watch o'er thee. —

L.H.

2. The stars — are shin-ing bright, my love, — The

heav'ns — are all a - light, my love, — so sleep love, — my true love, — thou

gift — of God to me, — so sleep, love, — for I — am

keep - ing watch o'er thee. —

Milkmaid's Song

From Tennyson's
"Queen Mary"

Animated

Horatio Parker

Piano

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic and ending with a decrescendo (*dim.*). The left hand plays a bass line with triplets of eighth notes.

poco f

Shame up-on you, Robin, Shame up-on you now! Kiss me, would you? With my

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment is in the right hand, with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The left hand provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

pp legato

hands Milk-ing the cow? Dai - sies grow a-gain, King - cups

The vocal line continues. The piano accompaniment in the right hand is marked *pp legato* and features a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand continues with harmonic accompaniment.

mf

blow a-gain, And you came and kiss'd me — Milk-ing the cow.

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment in the right hand is marked *mf* and features a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand provides harmonic support.

f *dim.*

Robin came behind me, Kiss'd me well, I vow. Cuff him — could I? with my

hands Milk-ing the cow? Swal - lows fly a - gain,

pp

Cuck - oos cry a - gain, And you came and kiss'd me —

f

— Milk-ing the cow. Come Robin, Robin,

Come and kiss me now; Help it?— Can I? With my hands Milk-ing the

con anima e cresc.
cow? Ring - doves coo a-gain, All things

woo a-gain; Come behind and kiss me, Milk-ing the cow!

„Auf Wiederseh'n!“

Poem by R. Dietrich
English translation by
Mrs. O. B. Boise

(*Mezzo-Soprano, or Baritone*)

ARTHUR NEVIN

Andante sostenuto

Voice

p

Auf Wie-der-seh'n! she mur - mur'd soft - ly, The
Auf Wie-der-seh'n! so sprachst du lei - se, doch

Piano

p

words were low, yet strangely clear;
war's ein Wort, das nie ver - klingt.

A - bove the world's be-wil-d'ring
Im Lärm der Welt zu mir die

tu - mult They fill'd and thrill'd my list - 'ning ear.
lei - se, die all - ge - walt' - ge Stim - me dringt.

'Midst joy or pain, a-wake or sleep - ing, That prom-ise sweet doth com-fort
Hab' ich ein Lächeln o - der Thrä - nen, dazwischen klingt das lei-se

cresc.
me, _____ It brightens joy and soothes my weep - ing, And bears me on hope's wings to
Wort, _____ die Freu-de dämpft es wie das Seh - nen und führt mich in die Fer - ne

mf
thee. And if 'midst hap-pi - ness or sor - row On
fort. Und sei's im Glü-cke, sei's im We - he, auf

mf

f animato

earth or on yon heav'nly shore, — I know there'll dawn a bright to —
 Er - den o - der jen - seits erst, — ich weiss, dass ich dich wie - der -

f animato

Red.

ff

mor - row When we shall meet to part no more. —
 se - he, und dass du e - wig mir ge - hörst. —

ff *rit.*

Red. *

p *pp*

Auf Wie - der - seh'n! —
 Auf Wie - der - seh'n! —

Tempo I.

mp subito dolce *p* *pp*

Red. *

Let Miss Lindy Pass

Poem^{*} by Frank L. Stanton

Winthrop L. Rogers

Con moto, rubato *mf*

Voice

Liz - ard on de fence - rail,

mf *p*

Piano

Black-snake in de grass, — Rab - bit in de bri - er patch, Oh,

let Miss Lin - dy pass! — Let Miss Lin - dy pass, Her

* From "Songs of the Soil", by permission of D. Appleton & Co., Publishers

cresc.

foot wont ben' de grass; Rab - bit, Liz - ard, Black - snake,

cresc.

f

Oh, _____ let _____ Miss Lin - dy pass!

f

mf

mf

Squir - rel in de co'n - fiel', Eat yo' brak - fas' fas', —

p

Set up straight an' watch de gate, An' let Miss Lin - dy pass. —

Let Miss Lin - dy pass, Lak' sun - shine on de grass;—

cresc. Set up straight an' watch de gate, *f* An' let — Miss

Poco meno mosso
Lin - dy pass! *p* White rose in de gyar - den walk,

p Wid a dew - drap look - in' - glass, Bresh dat — dew fum

off - en you, An' let Miss Lin - dy pass. Let Miss Lin - dy

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

pass, She'll pin you on at las; De

good - ness knows, she's de sweet - es' rose: So,

molto rit. cresc. *colla voce* *f* *dim. a tempo*

cresc. *f* *dim. a tempo*

let Miss Lin - dy pass!

rit. *pp*

The Pine-Tree

Words and Music by
Mary Turner Salter

Lento

Voice *p*

O pine-tree lone - ly stand - ing, Out - lined a - gainst the

Piano *p*

blue, I love thy soft, dark branch - es, Thy

garb of rest - ful hue. Hast thou ne'er felt im -

poco accel.

pa - - tience, Am - bi - tion's vain de - sires, The

cresc. *allarg.* *f*

pain, the joy, the long - - ing, Which mor - tal love in -

espress.

col canto

spires?— Thou look - est ev - er up - ward, E'en when the harsh wind

p rit. a tempo cresc. e accel.

rit. a tempo cresc. e accel.

blows;— I long for the strength which up - holds thee, I long — for

allarg. Più lento f

f allarg.

thy — re - pose. —

dim. p pp ppp

From the Rubáiyát of
Omar Khayyám

IV.

Arthur Whiting

Moderato e semplice.

p

Yet ah, that Spring should van - ish with the

*p**cresc.**più f*

The Night - in - gale, that in the branch-es sang,

*mf**legato*

(>)

(>)

Ah whence, and whith - er flown a - gain?

Who knows, who knows!

Ah whence, and whith - er flown

a - - gain? Who knows!

diminuendo

Ashes of Roses

Words by
Elaine Goodale

R. Huntington Woodman

Voice *Andante* *pp*

Soft on the sun - set sky Bright day-light

Piano *pp quasi arpa* *simile*

clos - es, Leav - ing, when light doth die,

poco cresc.

f

Pale hues that ming-ling lie, Ash - es of ros - es,

f

This song is also published as a Trio for Women's voices

Copyright, 1909, by G. Schirmer

ash - es of ros - es. *pp*

Red. *

p When love's bright sun is set, Love's brightness clos - es; *pp*

p quasi arpa simile

p cresc. mf cresc. f

Eyes with hot tears are wet, eyes with hot tears are wet, In hearts there

p cresc. f

poco rit. con passione lento f rit. p

lin-ger yet Ash - es of ros - es.

poco rit. ff mf rit. p

My Laddie

A Scotch Love-song

Words by Princess Troubetzkoy

Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers

William Armour Thayer

Andante

Voice *p* Oh, my lad-die,— my lad-die,— I lo'e your ver-y

Piano *mf* *p*

plaid-ie,— I lo'e your ver-y bon-net, Wi' the sil-ver buck-le on it;— I

mf

lo'e your col-lie Harry,— I lo'e the kent ye car-ry,— But oh! it's past my

mf

pow'r to tell, How much, how much I lo'e your - sel! Oh, my

mf

Copyright, 1906, G. Schirmer

p

dear-ie, my dear-ie, I could luik and never wear-y At your een sae blue and

p

laugh-in', That a heart o' stane wad saft-en, While your mouth sae proud and curl-ie Gars my

heart gang tir-lie - wir - lie; But oh! your-sel', your ver-y sel', I

p ritard. *a tempo* *mf*

p ritard. *a tempo*

lo'e ten thou-sand times as well! Oh, my dar-lin', my

mf *mf* *pp*

dar - lin', — Let's flit whaur flits the star - lin', — Let's loll up - on the heath - er A' this

bon - ny, bon - ny weath - er! — Ye shall fauld me in your plaid - ie, — My

love, my love, my lad - die, — And close and close in - to your ear I'll

tell ye how I lo'e ye, dear.

Lento

ppp

